VERSES

BY

WILLIAM S. LORD.

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Verses,

BY

William S. Lord.

These are but blossoms, doomed to fall
When breathed upon by time.
I would not ask for fruit from all
The flowers of my rhyme;
But I would be o'erjoyed to find,
When come the harvest days,
That time's rude blasts had once been kind
And spared a few for praise.

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TO MY

ONE DEAREST FRIEND,

WHOSE LIFE IS A DAILY BLESSING.

AND

WITHOUT WHOM

MUCH OF THIS WORLD'S SUNSHINE

WOULD BE MISSING,

I DEDICATE

THIS LITTLE VOLUME OF VERSES,

NOT WITHOUT A SAD SENSE

OF THE UNWORTHINESS

OF THE OFFERING.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
FRONTISPIECE - - Design of W. B. Alexander.	
MAN'S HERITAGE, - - - - - -	9
ON A FLY-LEAF TO EMERSON'S POEMS, - -	11
A PURITAN MAIDEN, - - - -	11
THE RIVER OF KNOWLEDGE, - - - -	12
THE HERMIT, - - - - - -	13
PLATO, - - - - - - - -	14
THE SEA-GULLS, - - - - -	14
THE POET, - - - - - - -	15
A SUNSET, - - - - -	16
A MIDNIGHT BELL, - - - - -	17
"COME CHILDREN, COME, BRING SWEETEST FLOWERS,"	17
LOVE IS DEAD, - - - - - -	20
UNEXPLORED, - - - - -	21
WRITTEN IN THE WOODS, - - - -	23
NELLIE, MY DARLING, - - - -	25
"IF HER SWEET LIPS MY LOVE SHOULD TAKE AWAY,"	27
"SOMETIMES IN THE STILLNESS OF NIGHT," -	27
TO A ROSE, - - - - - -	28
TRANSITION, - - - - - -	29
DOUBT, - - - - - - -	30
LOVE'S BLOSSOM, - - - - -	31
THE MUSICIAN, - - - - - -	32

"One Autumn as Nature went Plucking the Flowers, - - - - - 33
"O Fairest of my Springtime Friends," - 35
"Again the Autumn Winds are Here." - - 36
A Valentine. - - - - - 37
The Last Year's Nest, - - - - 39
Three Circles, - - - - - - 40
A Rainy Day in June. - - - - 42
"Sweet Home," - - - - - - 43
A Dream, - - - - - - 44
To Age, - - - - - - - 46
Shadows, - - - - - - 47
The Rivulet, - - - - - 47
A Shaft from Cupid's Quiver, - - - 48
Serenade, - - - - - - 50
A Tress of Hair, - - - - - 52
ALBUM VERSES:
"'Tis Meet that Thou Shouldst Seek to Find," - - - - - 53
"O Joy upon Joy Will be Thine," - - 53
"The Trusting Prayer that Mounts Above," 53
"No Breast but Bears Some Hidden Sorrow," 54
"In an Album the Sunday Morning after President Garfield was Shot," - - 54
Hymn, - - - - - - - - 55
To Mother, - - - - - - 56
To J—— B—— on Her Wedding Day, - - 58
Blank Verse, Written on a Sunday Morning after the First Snow-Storm of the Season, - 59

VERSES.

Man's Heritage.

AH! who is he can say he's poor; bereft
An heritage to make him rich; or left
Without a friendship of the better kind,
Alone, the true and false of life to find?

Myriad hosts of men have lived and died,
Bequeathing to the world, at eventide,
The lessons of their daily lives, in deeds,
In thoughts, in words; and these have sprung
as seeds.

Each day, through all the ages past
Has added something to the last;
With hundred tongues each year has rung,
And thousand-voiced have centuries sung.

Each word, each act, each thought sublime
Has served a step on which to climb
To paths more near the lofty height
Whence cometh knowledge and all light.

The topmost of these paths are ours,
To beautify with love and flowers.
And unto us 'tis also given
That we should bear with us toward Heaven
A plant from meaner walks below,
And nourish it, that it may grow.

For us was made the moon, the stars:
Jupiter, Saturn, Venus, Mars,
Are ours to wonder at, and see
Reflected there the Deity.
And in our quest of better things
O never may these truths take wings:

The sick are ours, to nurse, to heal—
And theirs the joy our touch to feel;
The blind are ours to lead aright
And kindly point the way to light;
And ours the weak, to strongly aid
Ere our own strength become decayed.

Yes, all of these are ours,
And ours to do.
When each hath done his best
He's summoned to his rest:
This last the blessed gift—
It into Heaven doth lift
The weary one
Among eternal flowers.

On a Fly-Leaf to Emerson's Poems.

HARK! and music thou shalt hear
Waving from a distant sphere;
Win the wisdom of a soul
Wrapping worlds from pole to pole;
Catch the whisper of the breeze;
Learn the language of the trees;
Shalt feel the heart-beat in the stone
And know that never thou'rt alone:
That every rock and tree's a brother
While Nature is the only mother.

Dug no ore is from the earth
Can compare with this in worth;
Richest product of our land
Though she fall yet this shall stand.

A Puritan Maiden.

FOR A PICTURE.

A DEW-DROP in a lily's cup,
Before the sun hath kissed it up,
That softly trembles as it lies
Reflecting June's serenest skies,
Is not more pure and fair confessed,
Nor holds more heaven in its breast,
Nor gives more joy, nor seems more good,
More perfect, than thy maidenhood.

The River of Knowledge.

I.

THE river of knowledge flows freely, unsealed,
Its full fountains have broken away;
All ungenerous feeling the world hath revealed
It is washing, is washing away.

II.

Its fair banks are alluring with flower and with vine—
They but woo the grand river to sleep;
And they catch the slow waters and softly entwine
Them in meshes, more surely to keep.

III.

Let us sail this grand river, so broad and so deep,
We will keep where the current is strong,
And the winds o'er our vessel may lustily sweep,
They'll but hasten our voyage along.

IV.

Every drop in the river was welled in the skies,
And each drop in itself is a gem;
For each caught the reflection of fair angel-eyes
As it slipped from some Heaven-grown stem.

The Hermit.

I PASSED a hermit's hut one day;
I stopped to question him;
I asked him why he stole away
To live a life so grim.

A gentle smile lit up his face
And beamed from out his eyes,
In language full of lordly grace
Thus spake the hermit wise:

Who hath a friend in rock and stone
May live a hermit not alone;
Who loveth flower and shrub and tree
Lives with a various company.
On every hand, in every clime,
In winter and in summer-time,
Companioned with these silent friends
He finds enough to meet his ends.

Plato.

Out of Plato come all things that are still written and debated among men of thought.

—EMERSON.

POSSESSED of insight grand, sublime;
Seeing all things for all time;
Uniting light from East and West,
And knowing those things bad from best—
So seeing, nothing dost thou leave
Those coming after to perceive.

The Sea-Gulls.

I.

GREAT snowy drifts flit overhead,
Their edges fired a golden red;
The placid waters of the lake
The colors of the sky partake,
And sea-gulls, darting here and there,
Swift-cutting through the tinted air,
Turn downward in their headlong speed,
And, diving in the liquid waste,
They clutch their silvery prey, then haste
'Mid air again, as if new freed.

II.

Fair silent Hopes, with Joy tinged warm,
Their journeys through Mind's realm perform;
The deep pure waters of the Soul
The soft tints of the Mind control,
And swift-winged thoughts, that fly so fast
With tidings from the fading past,
Turn downward in their present need,
And, sinking in the Soul's still wave,
They find some living Truth, and brave
The future with a nobler deed.

The Poet.

THE poet dreams not idly, for his dream
Is all a heavenly vision, softly set.
The faces of bright Truths, some, eyelid wet,
Look through the veil his fancy weaves, and gleam
Pure particles of that eternal beam,
That lights the dome of Heaven—Heaven's amulet,
High Truth! No form of beauty ever yet
But caught its life-spark from Truth's living stream.

And so, though some assure you that his ways
Are simple follies, bringing forth no fruit;
All painful strivings for his fellows praise,
And bid him silent keep his tuneful lute,
Be not disheartened if you love his lays,
But love them still, e'en though thy lips be mute.

A Sunset.

THE sun withdrew, and passed the golden gates
That bar his eastern kingdoms from those west,
With all the splendor of an hundred states
In richest regal pomp and glory dressed.
Behind him, on white steeds, came closely pressed
His knights and ladies, and their nearest mates,
Each leaning on their charger's golden crest,
And far behind they left their lengthening trail—
A darkly-deepening diamond-studded veil.

A Midnight Bell.

TOLL, toll, old bell,
And sadly tell
The solemn midnight hour.
O mournful swell
The days farewell
From the belfry in the tower.

Tell us a day
Hath passed away
And left its mark behind;
That new-born breath
And silent death
Hath visited mankind.

"Come Children, Come, Bring Sweetest Flowers,"

I.

COME children, come, bring sweetest flowers
To trim thy mother's grave;
Come quickly, ere the twilight hours
Their chilling shadows wave.

II.

But one short year ago, my dears,
She called you each by name,
And comforted your childish fears
As often as they came.

III.

And all the long, long winter through
She watched you at your play;
Perhaps she wondered what you'd do
When she had passed away.

IV.

All winter on a couch of pain
She waited for the spring;
And longed for summer once again
With all the sweets 'twould bring.

V.

Alas! dear children, not for her
The summer flowers bloom;
The daisy scarce had nodded her
Ere she was in her tomb.

VI.

Your precious tears were all unsealed
And then were quickly dried.
Ah! children's saddest griefs are healed
As soon as they have cried.

VII.

I wish that I could drown my grief
In one full flood of tears.
But no, my woe will find relief
But in the flood of years.

VIII.

Now come, we'll visit that dear place
Where her dear dust remains;
We'll plant there flowers, the spot to grace,
And pray for gentle rains.

IX.

Perhaps she'll watch us from above
And know our tender care,
While tears from her dear eyes of love
Will bid them blossom there.

Love is Dead.

A DIRGE.

I.

MOAN ye winds, moan, oh moan,
(Fog o' th' fen and salt o' th' sea)
Toss ye the trees 'till they groan,
(Fog o' th' fen and salt o' th' sea)
Love is dead,
Tears are shed,
Hope has fled;
Dole ye a dirge with me.

II.

Where have they buried him winds?
(Fog o' th' fen and salt 'o th' sea)
Search through the world's confines,
(Fog o' th' fen and salt o' th' sea)
Now quick and now slow,
Above and below,
Away let us go!
Where he is buried lay me.

III.

Gone is the sweet o' th' rose,
(Fog o' th' fen and salt o' th' sea)
Where it is only he knows,
(Fog o' th' fen and salt o' th' sea)
The skies are not blue,
Nor sparkles the dew,
All hearts are untrue—
Naught but the salt o' th' sea!

Unexplored.

I.

NO longer braves the storm-tossed unknown main
The mariner, to gain
New kingdoms for his king;
No longer do the sister-sirens sing,
And hope the captive souls of men to bring
To their cool ocean-caves,
Where they shall list enchanted to the sounding waves.

II.

The worlds go singing on their endless ways
Eternal hymns of praise;
And watchers from our star
Behold their countless courses from afar:
A holy harmony which naught can mar,
Where song and service blend,
And through the universe the love of beauty send.

III.

Yet there are nearer heavens and nearer shores
Than these which man explores:
The wide immortal soul
About our feet doth never ceasing roll,
And binds us safely to the perfect whole;
And what therein is stored
We wait the Angel Death that it may be explored.

Written in the Woods.

CAN those who dwell among such scenes as these
Continually, feel their sweet influence,
As I feel now the soft and slumb'rous sounds
That fill the air? O June, thou bring'st with thee
Delightful odors of the full fresh grass;
The fragrance of mild meadows, rich with gold;
The language of the living trees, that bend
Their tops to catch thy gentle whisperings.
And here am I! and like a little child
Who gazes at the starry lamps that light
The heavens, yet knows not what it sees. For all
The voices that now come to me, are yet
Unknown; have never reached my ear till now.

I see the plumage of the feathered tribe,
And hear their songs; now startled by some sound
That breaks the stillness of the solitude,
As some quick sob will break the quiet night.
No sound escapes; the very presence of
The grass is felt, as if each blade had thrust
Me through. To-day I'm like a vine that spreads
Its length upon the ground and feels the earth,
And sun, and summer air, and questions not
The ways they came, or whether they'll be gone.

Nellie, My Darling.

I.

NELLIE, my darling, though I've loved you not long,
Yet a part of my being you seem to belong;
You are to me, darling, sweet girl whom I love,
As dear as the blue to the heavens above.

II.

'Tis months since I've gazed on the bright burning stars,
As they swing through the heavens in their radiant cars,
Without seeing through all the immeasurable space,
Your face, darling Nellie, your sweet loving face.

III.

Nor alone to the stars lends your countenance light,
For I see in swift waters, that run clear and bright,
Soft sparkles of sunshine, bringing quickly to mind
Your eyes, darling Nellie, so tender and kind.

IV.

No rosebud ere blossomed, sweetly scenting
the air,
But 'twould add to its fragrance if entwined
in your hair,
Your rich raven tresses, that fall like the
night—
Like soft twilight shadows, love, veiling the
light.

V.

All Nature's loved voices that greet the still
ear,
But serve, darling Nellie, to make you more
dear;
All tell in soft whispers the all you're to me—
Dear heaven's so willed it, love, so let it be.

VI.

Yes, Nellie, my darling, though I've loved
you not long,
You a part of my being now seem to belong;
And often I dream—darling tell me 'tis
true!—
That you live for me, love, as I live for you.

IF her sweet lips my love should take away—
Dear lips, that hold a cup of kisses chaste
And sweet as morning zephyrs, as they play
Around a field with fairest lilies graced—
Where could I find, beneath the bending sky
A breath as sweet as on her lips doth lie?

SOMETIMES in the stillness of night
Comes a spirit as healing as balm;
A radiant angel in white,
And she wraps my sore spirit in calm.

She breathes o'er the soul, as the wind
On the tenderest, sweetest, harp's strings;
And a melody breaks there confined;
And sweet to its music she sings.

To a Rose.

GO, sweet flower, unto my love and let
Her drink thy beauty in with her soft eyes,
And with each breath, and fill her breast with sighs;
And if in her sweet thoughts thou should'st beget
Of me, so that her lips should touch and wet
Thee with their dew, O rose, if thou art wise,
And can by any subtle art devise
A way, tell her thy passion while as yet

Thou wert a bud, unfolding to the sun
And listless wandering winds thy spotless robe
Of white, and all the sweetness thou hadst spun
Within the circle of thy bursting globe;
Tell her, O sweet, fair rose! that she may know
The joy she brought to me a year ago.

Transition.

WITH happy hands I formed a frame around
A dear, sweet face, and gazed into the eyes,
Their utmost, hidden depths of blue to sound,
In search of those sweet springs of paradise
Whereat the thirsting soul may satisfy
Itself in pools of light and love and life.
I thought I had discovered where do lie
Those secret fountains, still, unstirred by strife;
When, suddenly, Death trailed her shadowy shroud;
My face grew grave and pale; I loosed my hands,
And, looking in Love's face, where, like a cloud
Before the sun, stood Wonder, thought whose bands
Would Death first loose, and prayed that hers first be
And she be spared the pain of mourning me.

Doubt.

O DOUBT, thou fell destroyer of all peace;
Dark murderer of Faith; disturber of
The heart's most holy passion, perfect love,
From out my breast! I grant no longer lease
To thee, foul tenant! Hear! I bid thee cease!
Stop whispering in mine ear that thou canst prove!
Thou liest, and mine heart canst never move
Though thou thy ravings many times increase.

O those who harbor thee but once do rue
The day: they live to curse thy progeny.
Thrice blest is he whose arm of Faith, well built,
Has had the strength to send bright sun-shafts through
Thy hideous darkness, and been wholly free,
Without a taint of thine abhorrent guilt.

Love's Blossom.

WHEN first love's blossom burst within my heart
I felt its beauty was a priceless prize:
I thought the years, though brought from paradise,
Could bring no flower so fair in every part.

And I in praise had sung "How fair thou art!
How beautiful unto my spirit's eyes!
Nor was, nor will be, flower more sweet than lies,
So soft, unfolding in my trembling heart."

But still the blossom grew each day more fair;
I said, O many times! "Love's flower, at last,
Is perfect," nor, till Sorrow came with tears
That fell upon it, through the saddened air,
The while it closed and held its fragrance fast—
Till shone the sun—saw I the crown of years!

The Musician.

THY hand knowst well the art to sweep the keys—
Unchaining music from the instrument
Until the soul is filled with harmonies
That seem from the celestial regions sent;
Thy hand dost draw the bow across the strings,
And wakes a strain, the voiceless soul within;
It seems to hear the song some angel sings
Move from the hollow of thy violin.
The strains are sadder than the sighing breeze;
And softer than the falling, summer rain;
They wake the soul to holier mysteries,
And give unto the spirit life again;
And yet, dear heart, thy hand, love-taught, just now
Woke sweeter music, laid upon my brow.

"One Autumn as Nature Went Plucking the Flowers."

I.

ONE autumn as Nature went plucking the flowers
She grew sad with pity for Earth;
She knew she was bearing beyond reach of ours
The most beautiful things that have birth.

II.

She bore in her bosom all Summer's fair race,
And, ere she had quite stript the trees,
Half turned to gaze after; she scarce knew the place—
All gone were the things that most please!

III.

She considered some way—loss, to gain to convert,
Unto Earth, whom she'd robbed of her smiles:
So much of sweet beauty should never desert,
At one season, this world full of trials!

IV.

So she summoned the sisterhood fair, of the flowers,
And asked if they'd sacrifice make
By lending her, each, all their separate powers
To bring forth something sweet, for Earth's sake.

V.

And every sweet flower in the Summer that blows,
In valley, on mountain, or plain,
From fairest Queen Lily to radiant Rose,
Quickly offered her service and pain.

VI.

And thus was enabled, through Flora's sweet grace,
Goddess Nature to make one so fair;
To fill with such sweetness and beauty one face,
And stamp such a loveliness there.

VII.

And now goes dear Nature forth plucking
the flowers,
And her heart feels no pity for Earth,
For she knows she has placed in this fair
world of ours
One being who holds all their worth.

"O Fairest of my Spring-time Friends."

O FAIREST of my spring-time friends
What wondrous virtue lies in thee?
A light from thy sweet soul descends
And throws a radiance over me.

The heart is like that common flower
So lavish with its wealth of gold,
That only knows the sun's sweet power
Its close-clasped secrets to unfold.

My sun thou art! Beneath thy rays
My heart unfolds its richest bloom;
Thou lendst the light to fill my days;
Thy light, departing, leaves but gloom.

"Again the Autumn Winds are Here."

AGAIN the autumn winds are here;
Once more I see, alone,
Them strew the leaves on Summer's bier
And hear their mournful moan.

Now soon the wizard Frost will dress,
With magic art, the woods
In many colored gorgeousness,
Reflecting Nature's moods.

And when the scene in royal hue
Is decked, and suns shine clear,
Again, my love, shall I see you,
Your gentle voice I'll hear.

And you will drive all gloom away;
Will change the fall to spring;
And night will seem as bright as day—
Such is the joy you'll bring.

A Valentine.

I.

THERE'S none on earth more heavenly fair
Than thee, dear love of mine,
And I would send thee something rare
In this my valentine.

II.

What shall it be? A flower? A gem?—
The rarest ever seen
Would fail to grace thy diadem,
My love, my heart's sweet queen!

III.

What couldst thou want of sapphire, pearl,
Or coral from the sea,
When nature to thee, dearest girl,
Gave so abundantly.

IV.

The rainbow with its lovely hues?—
Alas! they fade away,
Melt into distant space, diffuse,
And leave no single ray.

V.

Dear heart, oh, could I! I would reach
The polar star for thee,
And bind it on thy brow to teach
Thy lover's constancy.

VI.

When thou shalt look at that bright star
I'd ever have thee know
That as it guides the ship afar,
My love would guide thee so.

VII.

O may my love shine through thy night,
And shine to comfort thee,
O may it be thy beacon-light,—
My heart's deep constancy.

The Last Year's Nest.

I WENT to the spot where the last year's
nest
Once lay upon the ground,
But not a trace of the last year's nest
Remained there to be found.
Gone to the winds, like the scent of the rose?
O where is the last year's nest?
With its feathers and hair
And its tree-twigs bare,
O where is the last year's nest?

Long had the tenants forsaken the place
And left it alone in the wood,
But once it was filled with a fair sweet face
And a presence so perfectly good,
That I thought all the grace in this world
so fair,
Was put in a body and bound up there
In the last year's nest.

Three Circles.

I.

FAIR winds! soft skies!
Now a wild wind sighs
And dark clouds are breaking
And rain-drops are shaking.

Dark skies of lead!
A fair wind hath sped
And the dark clouds ride over
And up springeth the clover.

II.

Eyes glad and gay!
A rude word you say
And sad tears are falling—
Tears past all recalling.

Eyes dimmed with tears!
Soft words sorrow fears,
And the eyes that were crying
In sweet joy are dying.

III.

Hands clasp! Lips meet!
One moment sweet,
And tender bonds breaking
Leave loving hearts aching.

Hands part and lips!
An age each hour slips,
When heaven melts together
Loving hearts, and forever!

A Rainy Day in June.

WITHOUT, all sad, the sky is clad
In dull cold garb of gray;
And hard the rain on window-pane
Hath pattered all the day.

The winds that blow will never go,
Nor come the birds sweet song;
The month of June is out of tune
To shivering come along!

But blow, ye winds! and bring all kinds
Of showers upon thy wings!
Thy bitter blast can't always last
In spite of better things;

The skies will clear, and I shall hear
From every wall and tree,
Those songs again in glad refrain
From songsters gay and free.

"Sweet Home."

SOFT was the song she sung;
Soft as the breeze among
Tree-tops in June;
Out on the wind it swept,
Into my heart it crept
Pale as the moon.

Sweet was the song she sung,
Yes, sweet in every tongue
Spoken below;
Sweet as a mother's love,
Sweet as the home above
Whither we go.

Still o'er my heart it threw
Sadness, like summer dew
Falling on flowers;
For in her voice I heard
Song of some stricken bird
Kept from green bowers.

A Dream.

I.

I DREAMED I lived a prince;
My kingdom richly spread
O'er hills and valleys fair
As summer clouds ere fled,
And in my kingdom dwelt
With me a pretty lass,
Whose cheeks had never felt
A rude winds ruthless pass
Unsheltered by my hand,
Which ruled the land.

II.

And at my call came forth
From pleasant peaceful dells
Where woodland fairies meet
To weave their mystic spells,
Like hounds at hunters call
When eager for the chase,
My simple subjects, all,
To greet me face to face
And bid me to command,
Who ruled the land.

III.

They gathered all about—
  Sweet youths and fairest maids,—
And leaned against their crooks
  Beneath the leafy shades.
They knew the clearest brooks;
  Where grew the sweetest grass;
Could name the coolest nooks
  Where summer days might pass
    As swiftly as an hour
    In Beauty's bower.

IV.

I spake and eagerly
  Each face met mine—so sweet
I could not help but smile;
  Then pointed at my feet,
Where lay the little one
  I loved so well asleep,
Her ringlets in the sun
  A cloth of gold to keep
    A poet's story told
    When worlds are old.

To Age.

DOST thou who bear three-score and ten
Look longingly to that sweet time
Of youth and early love? Time when
Thy manhood set all things to rhyme,
And made the blood to rush and leap,
That now so sluggishly doth creep.

Recollect thou, with fond, dear thought,
The happy day when first thou laid
In love's soft lap? Time when was brought
The holy passion that hath made
Thy long abiding here so sweet,
And filled thee with a joy complete.

Shadows.

SILENTLY, slowly, the daylight fades
As the sun sinks low in the West;
Softly and sweetly the evening shades
Woo the mother bird back to the nest;
Tenderly, gently, the shadow persuades
And the world seeks quiet and rest.

The Rivulet.

THE rivulet dances, and leaps, and skims,
As if it were gifted with nimblest limbs,
It widens and narrows and winds and twines
And ripples and gleams and brightly shines
Running o'er sandy bed,
Dashing in foam,
By the Creator led
Safe to its home.

A Shaft from Cupid's Quiver.

I.

CUPID once, the truant archer!
To the earth on mischief wended
With his arch and arrows 'tended.
Dropped he in a grove of lilies—
Lilies tall and fair and stately,
Blooming by a stream, sedately.
Thought the master mischief maker:
"What now should I with an arrow
Drive a passage, neat and narrow,
Through these tall and stately lilies
Where each wind so soft and still is?"
Scarce had thought the Prince of Mischief
'Fore his arrow met the bow-string,
And he aimed it true: 'twould so bring
But resistance from the fairest
Of these lilies, all the rarest.

II.

Quick his bow-string snapped and fluttered,
And the truant archer uttered
Something like a sigh of gladness.
He's a cruel piece of madness
Is this little son of Venus!
He cares not his shafts in falling
Bring a grief that's past recalling;
Not a care for those he's wounded
For no care in him is grounded.

III.

Peering through the narrow shaft-way,
(Only one who knows the craft may),
Saw the shameless son of Venus,
Far as is the space between us
And the setting sun in summer,—
Saw the little truant comer,
Two fair forms—a youth—a maiden—
Far apart—with shaft-stains laden.
Yes! the truant's shaft had broken
Through two breasts as yet unspoken!

Serenade.

O THE stars shine bright
With a twinkling light
And the moon hath silvered o'er,
For my dear love's gaze,
With her mellow rays,
All the stream from shore to shore.

Where the oriole sung,
Where the robin's call rung,
Every wind is hushed and still,
Save the cricket's shrill cry
From the meadows close by,
And the wail of the Whip-poor-will.

In my bark of birch
I have sailed in search
Of thy haven of rest so fair;
And this glorious night,
Filled with Love's soft light,
Hath me guided with tender care.

When I hunt by day,
Though I'm far away,
Thou art with me every hour;
In my dreams, asleep,
Thou a watch dost keep—
Tender guard of my lone bower!

And when skies are clear,
In mine heart held dear,
Shines thy face as none before;
And when mists arise—
In thy bright black eyes
Sparkles light that stars ne'er bore.

May sweet dreams, my love,
Fill thy sleep, above
While the stars their vigils keep,
And I'll watch below
Till the moon sinks low,—
Then I, too, will seek sweet sleep.

CHORUS:

Fairest maiden, sleep above,
Only maiden whom I love;
Sweetly sleep and dream of me
While I tune my voice for thee;
While I sing my song of love,
Sweetly, maiden, sleep above.

A Tress of Hair.

BEFORE me lies a tress of hair;
A dainty, dark, and shining snare
That with my love my kisses share.
O many a kiss is bound up there
Within its wondrous meshes rare
Where first her fingers, oh, so fair,
Within it wound with tender care.

And was it on her brow it laid
While gentle zephyrs through it strayed?
Or did it softly sweep her face
To add a moment's witching grace,—
To vainly mock me while I stayed
And watched the teasing game it played?
Or did it feel her temple's beat,
Or twine about her ear so neat,
Or laid it round her neck so fair
This darkly-bright soft tress of hair?

It matters not. It knew her care
And bore a fragrance to the air.
It brought a radiant glory there
Upon her head,
And now 'tis mine with her to share
My kiss instead:
A darkly-shining, heart-entwining, tress of hair.

Album Verses.

'TIS meet that thou should'st seek to find
The one who loves thee best;
For worthier far, that one when found,
Thy love than all the rest.

O joy upon joy will be thine
Wilt thou keep but thy heart's fountain pure:
Great blessings for ever will shine
And love will forever endure.

The trusting prayer that mounts above,
And teaches heaven's worth,
While filling most with heavenly love,
Draws closer ties to earth.

No breast but bears some silent sorrow;
No eyes but shed their secret tears;
Our joys from pain we ever borrow,
And hope is built upon our fears.

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM THE SUNDAY MORNING AFTER PRESIDENT GARFIELD WAS SHOT.

THE melancholy news
O'er all the land is sweeping,
And strong, brave hearts are sad
And tender hearts are weeping.

Twice red with martyr's blood
Our flag half mast is flying;
A mad assassin shot—
The President is dying!

Sweet sympathy for his
From every breast is stealing;
In prayer devout for him
The nation now is kneeling.

Hymn.

O DEAR beloved land
God with reproving hand
Our Chief's laid low;
Let us the lesson learn
And from our errors turn—
Let our sad hearts all yearn
God's will to know.

We love him dearly, all,
And heaven's mercy call
For strength to bear
Sorrows by heaven sent
In holy chastisement—
Of our loved government
Let us have care.

God grant him health again;
Free him from every pain,
We thee beseech;
Stop thou these tears that flow—
Tears shed in bitter woe—
And let us joyful go
Thy will to teach.

To Mother.

ALAS, we grow old and we think of the day
When a gentle hand led us, and softened our way;
And we love many times and we're loved in return
Ere the ever-proved love of our mother's we learn.

Dear mother, think not that the heart of thy boy
Has never been moved by the love you employ;
By the love you employ with a mother's sure art
Till it sinks, like an arrow, deep into the heart.

Other loves may be wrecked, like a ship on the shore,
But the love of my mother is mine evermore;
Misfortune would make me to her but more dear
And move from its fountain sweet sympathy's tear.

To-day is your birthday, and what shall I
bring?
Not these poor little verses I tremblingly
sing!
They are not as dear as the soft nursery
rhymes
Where slumber lay hiding in infancy's times.

O no, 'tis not these that I bring you to-day
But the love of my heart which no verses
can say;
No tongue has ere spoken the love that was
felt,
For love has a meaning no language has
spelt.

To J—— B—— on her Wedding Day.

IF each fleeting year comes laden,
Laden with a friendship, maiden,
That I hold as very dear,
Will my memory gently turning,
Turning with a silent yearning,
Look with joy to this glad year:

To the precious friends it brought me,
To the lessons it hath taught me,
To its days of rain and shine,
To its hours of deepest gladness,
Gladness all too near to sadness,—
Who shall know what hours were mine?

And if thou should'st still remember
'Midst thy joys so new and tender
One so far away from thee,
May'st thy thoughts be filled with kindness,—
And with some of Cupid's blindness—
For the faults that thou may'st see.

Blank Verse.

WRITTEN ON A SUNDAY MORNING AFTER THE FIRST SNOW-STORM OF THE SEASON.

ALL night the angel architects have been
At work, among the quarried stones in heaven,
Creating for themselves more lovely forms
Than ere the hand of Phidias wrought, or we
In Fancy's flight conceive. The chippings from
Their million chisels make a garment for
The earth beyond man's art to imitate.

Look at the trees! Behold how every twig
Upholds its utmost burden, while the winds
Have hushed themselves—have held their breath in rapt
Expectancy of some great wonder, and
Enabled thus a miracle to be
Performed.

And the abodes of man! These rude
Materials have undergone a strange
And wond'rous transformation, draped with lines
Of beauty which the hands that shaped them dreamed
Not of. 'Tis all the work of wondersmiths
Invisible. No form to them appears
Too rude for beauty. Sky-born wreaths adorn
Each picket in the fence, and crown the stake
Fast driven in the ground. A pile of earth
Has now become a throne for proudest prince
Or fairest queen to grace.

Those sentinels,
White capped, you see? A year has passed since they
Were stationed at the gate in their tall caps;
But at the first approach of Winter they
Resume their former garb and warn mankind
Not to pollute such perfect handiwork.
Behold those hooded monks, knee-bent as if
In prayer, upon each roof. They have no arms,

Or hold them out of sight beneath their gowns.
But one I see to whom I lend my arms,
And join the benediction that he seems
To breathe upon the gentle spirits 'neath
The roof, who dwell unconscious how he bends
In prayerful watchfulness.

And now, in shape
Of boy, comes man. He fills the air with cries,
Though not without the painful prompting of
Dread poverty. To bring man news of man,
With chronicles of horrid crimes, the poor
Have lent their child. And see! his little back
Is bent beneath the weight of his dread load.

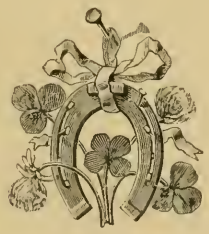
And in the path he leaves behind him, see
The painful record he has left,—a stain
Upon the pure white snow, and two deep cuts
No mortal can erase. But let us hope
That his young soul is pure—as pure as is

The snow; that any stain there may be
there
But came from contact with the world;
that it
Like snow beneath the sun's warm rays,
returns
Again to heaven, and leaves behind all
earth's
Impurities and stains.

The snow has ceased
To fall, and still the winds have waited, soft,
As if to know the miracle had grown
Complete. But Nature never sleeps. She
must
Be working wonders, building beauty for
Its own sweet sake. And so should man do
works,
Nor caring for the praise of man, nor fame;
But as the robin builds, and as the lark
Pours forth its notes of melody, and as
The river flows, and clouds their splendor
wear.

Become quite satisfied the storm-king's
work
Has been accomplished, softly steal the
winds

To test the work. They sport about among
The laden branches, in the mimic storm
They make, delighting. Now and then will launch
Itself, 'mid air, a meteor of snow.
And see! as if the spirit wind itself,
Embodied, hops a sparrow, in its garb
Of Quaker-gray, from branch to branch, and looks
With wonder at the changes it creates.



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